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NO. 255

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PICTURIZED EDITION

# ZANE GREY'S

## *The Ranger*



# The "Six-Shooter"

COLT SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER

THE MOST POPULAR SIDE  
ARM EVER BUILT....



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THE FRONTIER MODEL, PEACEMAKER, HOGLEG, SIX-GUN, OR SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER WAS FIRST PLACED ON THE MARKET IN 1873 AND IS STILL BEING MANUFACTURED. FOR ALMOST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS IT HAS BEEN THE FAVORITE WEAPON OF COWBOYS, FRONTIER MARSHALS, AND ALL THOSE MEN WHO LIVE IN REMOTE SECTIONS AND WANT A GUN THAT IS DURABLE, STURDY, AND FOOLPROOF. THIS

SIX-SHOOTER MAY BE HAD IN THREE DIFFERENT BARREL LENGTHS, 4½", 5½", OR 7½". IT IS OBTAINABLE IN SEVERAL CALIBERS - 32-20, 38 SPECIAL, 357 MAGNUM, 38-40, 44 SPECIAL, 44-40 AND 45 COLT. IT IS CLAIMED THAT MANY OLD-TIME PEACE OFFICERS AND GUNMEN FILED OFF THE TRIGGER OF THESE GUNS AND FANNED THE HAMMER, THEREBY

GIVING THEM AS MUCH SPEED AS IS ATTAINED IN MODERN DOUBLE-ACTION OR AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. THE HOLSTERS FOR THESE GUNS WERE MADE SO THEY TIPPED SLIGHTLY FORWARD AND WITH THE TRIGGER EXPOSED IN ORDER TO MAKE A QUICK DRAW POSSIBLE. FOR A LONG TIME CARBINES OR SADDLE RIFLES WERE AVAILABLE IN 32-20, 38-40 AND 44-40 CALIBERS, THEREBY MAKING IT NECESSARY TO CARRY ONLY ONE SIZE OF CARTRIDGES TO FIT BOTH SIX-SHOOTER AND RIFLE. DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS WERE INTRODUCED IN THE 1870'S AND 80'S AND THE FIRST SWING-OUT CYLINDER REVOLVER WAS ADOPTED BY THE U.S. NAVY IN 1889. HISTORY STATES THAT "BILLIE THE KID," NOTORIOUS GUNMAN AND OUTLAW, CARRIED ONE OF THE FIRST DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS, A 41 CALIBRE COLT.



# THE RANGER

by  
ZANE GREY



BETWEEN TWO LIVES STANDS BUCK DUANE, THE PARDONED OUTLAW-- BETWEEN THE DARK TRAIL OF THE HUNTED, DREADED KILLER--- AND THE DANGEROUS ROAD TO HONOR AS A TEXAS RANGER.



BUCK DUANE, I WANT YOU TO FORGET THE GHOSTS OF PAST YEARS..... YOU'RE A RANGER, NOW-- WITH THE BIGGEST JOB IN ALL TEXAS!

IT'S A JOB ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN---BREAKING THE OUTLAW POWER IN THE BIG BEND.

IT WILL BE ONE MAN AGAINST AN OUTLAW KINGDOM, DUANE! YOU'RE BEST FITTED TO LEARN ITS SECRETS--- TO ARREST OR KILL ITS MYSTERIOUS CHIEF CHESELDINE --- AFTER THAT, CALL FOR ME AND MY MEN.



I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT I'D NEVER KILL ANOTHER MAN, CAPTAIN. I'VE GOT ENOUGH BITTER MEMORIES.... BUT I'LL DO WHAT'S GOT TO BE DONE AS A RANGER.

VAYA CON DIOS, BUCK DUANE. AND REMEMBER--CHESELDINE IS THE KINGPIN. GET HIM AND YOU'LL HAVE THE LOT.

I RECKON SO, CAPTAIN. ADIOS!



THE TROUBLE IS, BULLET..... THAT NONE BUT A FEW ACE OUTLAWS PRETEND TO KNOW WHO THIS GENT CHESELDINE IS.



AND SO, MATCHING WITS AND NERVES WITH  
LAWLESS MEN, BUCK DUANE MOVES THROUGH  
THE RUSTLER STRONGHOLDS OF THE TEXAS HILLS.

MAYBE YOU AIN'T ON  
THE DODGE---MAYBE  
YOU'RE A SPY!

SUIT YOURSELF, GENTS!  
ANYTIME YOU WANT TO  
START SOMETHIN'....



SOMETIMES OVERHEARING A GUARDED SPEECH...

LOTS OF CATTLE  
ON THE MOVE  
THESE DAYS.

THAT MEANS  
CHESELDINE'S  
GOT PLANS  
FER 'EM.



SOMETIMES CLEVERLY DRAWING OUT BITS  
OF INFORMATION FROM LESSER OUTLAWS.

THEY SAY CHESELDINE'S CAMP IS  
IN A DEEP GULCH, BACK OF  
MT. ORD---BUT I NEVER  
BEEN THERE.



OR LISTENING TO THE TALK OF HONEST RANCHERS.

YES, SUH! THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT  
FAIRDALE IS THE WORST OF ALL  
TOWNS IN THE BIG BEND.....IT  
MIGHT WELL BE CHESELDINE'S  
HANGOUT.



ONE EVENING, AT THE LITTLE  
SETTLEMENT OF  
SANDERSON.....



INNKEEPER! SHOW THE LADIES TO YOUR BEST ROOM NOW.  
I'LL SEE YOU ABOUT MINE  
LATER.

YES, SIR, COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH! MY  
POOR INN IS  
GREATLY  
HONORED.

HMMM! THE MAYOR OF THE WORST  
TOWN IN TEXAS! HE DOESN'T LOOK  
THAT BAD, BUT I WONDER--- COULD  
HE BE---  
CHESELDINE?



#### AN HOUR LATER, IN THE INN'S SITTING ROOM.

I FEEL SO STRANGE,  
ALMOST FRIGHTENED  
IN THIS WILD  
COUNTRY,  
RAY.....

IT'S NEW TO ME, TOO,  
RUTH..... FATHER  
WON'T LET ME  
COME WEST  
BEFORE.

I RECKON THOSE GIRLS HAVE SOME  
MORE SURPRISES COMING---BUT THE  
DARK HAIRIED ONE, RAY LONGSTRETH  
LOOKS TO HAVE THE COURAGE TO  
MEET 'EM.



SHELL OUT, GIRL! YOU'VE GOT SOME MONEY--OR JEWELS, I'LL BET!

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF HER, YOU---YOU---ANIMAL!

NO,  
NO!

GOOD! HE MISSED THE LITTLE GUN UNDER MY ARM.....WHEN HE GETS OUT OF LINE WITH THE GIRLS, I'LL GO FOR IT REGARDLESS!





WHERE'S THE HOLDUP  
MAN, INNKEEPER?

HIM? OH, HE'S GONE.....  
HE CAME TO AND LONG-  
STRETH TALKED TO HIM,  
THEN HE RODE OFF.

SO....LONGSTRETH TALKED WITH HIM!  
AND LET HIM GO! THAT'S THE  
QUEEREST DEAL YET.....



AND, NEXT DAY, ALL THE WAY TO FAIRDALOE,  
BUCK'S THOUGHT TURNS ON ONE QUESTION.....

I WONDER---COULD COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH HIMSELF BE THIS  
OUTLAW CHIEF, CHESELDINE?



HOURS LATER, AT THE END OF A  
HARD AND DUSTY  
RIDE.



I HOPE WE GET TO  
SEE HER AGAIN,  
EH, BULLET.

I HAVE A HUNCH THAT RAY  
LONGSTRETH IS GOING TO  
NEED FRIENDS.

I'LL GET A BITE  
TO EAT, AND.....





EITHER SNECKER IS CRAZY--  
OR HE'S COUNTING ON  
LONGSTRETH'S PROTECTION.



IN WHICH CASE, IT'S TIME FOR A  
SHOWDOWN TO SEE ON WHICH SIDE  
OF THE LAW LONGSTRETH  
STANDS!



HE HEADED STRAIGHT TO  
THE MAIN RANCH BUILDING  
AFOOT!



IT'S A BIG PLACE! I MAY  
NEED HELP TO HUNT  
HIM DOWN....



OH! WHAT DOES  
THIS MEAN?

I'M SORRY, MISS LONGSTRETH--  
I'VE COME TO SEARCH YOUR  
HOUSE FOR BO SNECKER,  
A ROBBER.



NOBODY CAME IN HERE!  
YOU--YOU MUST HAVE  
ROBBERS ON THE  
BRAIN!

I'LL HANDLE  
THIS FELLOW,  
RAY!

I'M FLOYD LAWSON, MISS  
LONGSTRETH'S COUSIN ...  
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO  
BREAK INTO HER PARTY?  
GOT A WARRANT?

A TEXAS RANGER  
NEEDS NO WARRANT,  
LAWSON.



WILL YOU LET ME SEARCH  
YOUR HOUSE NOW, MISS  
LONGSTRETH? I'M SORRY  
ABOUT THE  
PARTY, BUT ...

IF YOU'RE A RANGER---  
WHY, OF COURSE YOU  
CAN SEARCH..... FLOYD  
WILL HELP YOU.

ALL RIGHT, RANGER---  
LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE AND SEARCH  
SO YOU CAN GET  
OUTA HERE!

THANKS, MISS!  
WE'LL NEED  
TO HURRY ....



BO! BO SNEAKER!  
HEY, BO!

DO YOU  
RECKON  
HE'S DEAF,  
LAWSON?

HE'S NOT HERE!  
COME ON,  
RANGER....

AFTER I  
HAVE A  
LOOK IN  
THIS CLOSET.

I THOUGHT SO!  
COME OUT OF  
THERE, BO.

HEY,  
LAWSON!



TAKE US TO MAYOR LONGSTRETH,  
NOW! I AIM TO LAY CHARGES  
AND MAKE 'EM STICK!

LAWSON! WHAT'S THE  
IDEA OF LETTING  
THIS---

SHUT UP,  
BO!

OKAY, RANGER--- I'LL TAKE YOU  
TO COLONEL LONGSTRETH.... AND  
A LOT OF GOOD IT  
WILL DO YOU!



LAWSON! WHAT'S THIS  
ABOUT? CAN'T YOU  
SEE I'M BUSY?

TEXAS RANGERS  
DON'T LIKE TO WAIT,  
LONGSTRETH.

FAIRDALE WANTS NO  
RANGERS! WE'RE A  
LAW-ABIDING TOWN--  
AS JUDGE OWENS, HERE,  
AND SHERIFF GORSECH  
WILL TELL YOU.

IF THEY DO, THEY  
LIE, LONGSTRETH!  
I'VE LETTERS FROM  
FAIRDALE CITIZENS,  
BEGGING FOR  
RANGER  
PROTECTION.



AND I'M ARRESTING THIS MAN FOR ASSAULT  
AND ROBBERY OF LARAMIE'S RESTAURANT.  
I'M A WITNESS---JUDGE OWENS CAN BOOK  
HIM HERE AND NOW--- AND THE SHERIFF  
CAN LOCK HIM UP....

WITH YOUR PERMISSION,  
MAYOR LONGSTRETH!

SA-A-AY!  
YOU WON'T...

SPEAK FOR YOUR-  
SELF, BO--- DID  
YOU ROB  
LARAMIE?

NAW, COURSE NOT, MAYOR!  
SOMEBODY I NEVER SEEN  
BEFORE COME IN AND SLUG-  
GED LARAMIE WHILE I WAS  
EATING, THEN THIS  
FOOL RANGER CHASED  
ME HERE!



IN THAT CASE, BO SNECKER,  
YOU'RE CLEARLY NOT GUILTY.  
THE RANGER HAS MADE A  
MISTAKE --- YOU AGREE,  
COLONEL LONGSTRETH?

ABSOLUTELY, JUDGE!  
THE CASE IS  
DISMISSED.

LONGSTRETH, YOU'VE SHOWN YOUR  
HAND! MY REPORT TO THE ADJUTANT  
GENERAL IN AUSTIN WILL QUOTE  
THIS MONKEY COURT  
WORD-FOR-WORD!



WHAT YOU'VE SAID EXPLAINS WHY FAIRDALE'S  
A NEST FOR RUSTLERS---WHY YOU'VE NEVER  
SENT A PRISONER TO DEL RIO---WHY NO  
HONEST CITIZEN APPEARS TO GET A BREAK  
IN YOUR SO-CALLED  
COURTS OF LAW.....

....AND WHY CRIMINALS  
HEAD FOR REFUGE IN  
YOUR HOUSE!

HAW, HAW!



FROM NOW ON, THE GOVERNOR  
HIMSELF IS GOING TO KNOW  
THAT THE LAW OF FAIRDALE  
IS CHESELDINE!

WHAT'S THAT YOU  
SAID? COME BACK  
HERE, RANGER!

CHESELDINE! WHERE'D  
HE GET THAT--- FROM  
LARAMIE?



RECKON I STIRRED UP THE HORNET'S  
NEST IN THERE..... BUT IT MAY LEAD  
TO THE BREAK I NEED TO TRAP  
CHESELDINE.....

....WHOEVER CHESELDINE IS! HE  
MIGHT BE LONGSTRETH OR LAWSON,  
OR EVEN JUDGE OWENS.....  
OR MAYBE NOBODY I'VE  
LOCKED HORNS  
W.T.H.YET!

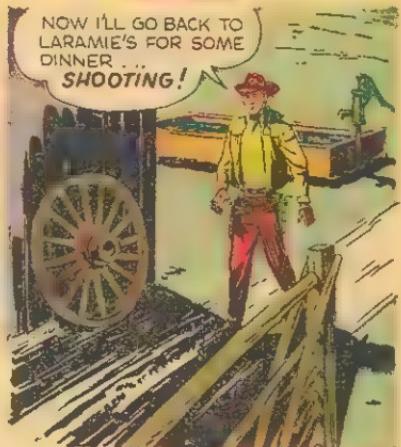


FOUR BITS A DAY FOR BAIT  
AND BOARD, MISTER.....  
LESS BY THE WEEK. HOW  
LONG YA AIM TA LEAVE  
YORE HORSE HERE?

CAN'T TELL NOW!  
I'LL PAY BY THE  
DAY..... AND GIVE  
BULLET YOUR  
BEST.



NOW I'LL GO BACK TO  
LARAMIE'S FOR SOME  
DINNER ...  
SHOOTING!



ONE RIDER--- BUT WHO  
WAS HE FIRING AT?



LARAMIE!  
OH---THEY KILLED HIM!  
THEY KILLED HIM!  
MY JIM.....HE'S DEAD!



OH, WHY WOULD ANYBODY  
KILL JIM? HE NEVER  
HARMED ANYBODY!

I RECKON IT'S  
MY FAULT,  
MA'AM....

I'M A TEXAS RANGER, MRS LARAMIE.  
I ARRESTED BO SNECKER, WHO  
ROBBED YOUR HUSBAND TODAY--  
AND BO'S OUTLAW FRIENDS  
HAVE GOT EVEN.

BUT, WHY--  
WHY JIM?



THEY KILLED HIM JUST TO SCARE ANYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT WANT TO ASK A RANGER'S HELP AGAINST THE LAWLESS CROWD THAT RUNS FAIRDALE-- OR ANYBODY WHO'D GIVE ME INFORMATION

I'LL GO AND ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS TO COME IN AND HELP YOU NOW, MRS LARAMIE

IT'S-- NO USE, RANGER!  
IF A MAN'S MURDERED  
IN THIS TOWN, NO ONE DARES TO HELP HIS FAMILY.



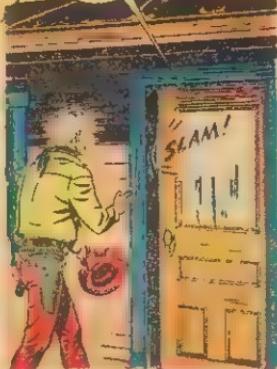
NEVERTHELESS, BUCK TRIES....

JIM LARAMIE HAS JUST BEEN SHOT DEAD BY AN UNKNOWN GUNMAN. WILL YOU FOLKS GO OVER AND HELP HIS WIDOW?

HELP-- HIS WIDOW?



SORRY-- I DON'T WANT  
TO BE MURDERED,  
TOO!



ONE NEIGHBOR RESPONDS.

HELP MARTHA LARAMIE? SURE I WILL-- AND RIGHT NOW! I'M A WIDOW MYSELF, THANKS TO CHESELDINE'S KILLERS-- AND I'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO LOSE.



UNASSISTED, BUCK DIGS  
JIM LARAMIE'S GRAVE.....

...AND SAYS A PRAYER FOR  
THE DEAD MAN'S LITTLE FAMILY.

THEY HAVEN'T DARED TO  
AMBUSH ME YET, BULLET,  
BUT SOONER OR LATER  
THEY WILL, IF WE HANG  
AROUND FAIRDALE



BEFORE THAT HAPPENS I AIM TO FIND  
OUT JUST WHAT CONNECTION COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH HAS WITH CHESELDINE!  
AND THAT CROOK LAWSON, TOO!

NIGHT FINDS BUCK HIDDEN AMONG THE SHRUB-  
BERY, CLOSE TO LONGSTRETH'S HOUSE.



WHO'S  
THAT?

ME-- LAWSON! THEY'LL BE  
HERE IN A FEW MINUTES,  
LONGSTRETH

THEY HIT TOWN AN  
HOOR AGO--BLOSSOM  
KANE, JIM FLETCHER  
AND--

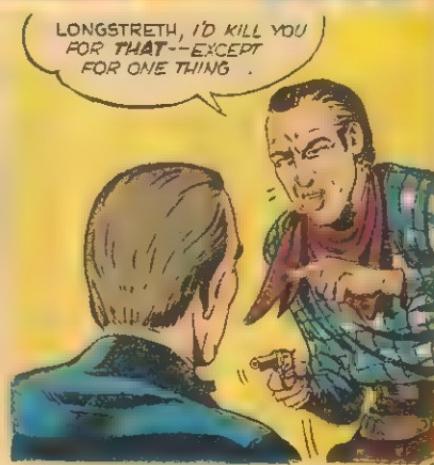
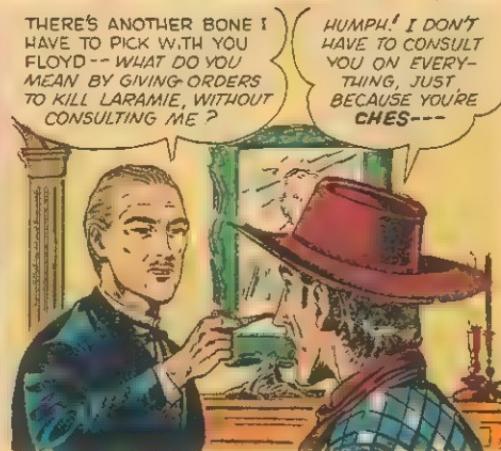
SHUT UP, YOU  
FOOL! NAMES  
ARE DANGEROUS-- EVEN  
HERE!



"BLOSSOM KANE--JIM FLETCHER!"  
THOSE TWO ARE CLOSE TO MR.  
CHESEDINE..... AND FLETCHER  
KNOWS ME AS AN OUTLAW  
CALLED "DODGE."



THAT CRACK WILL DO--  
I CAN HEAR VOICES  
THROUGH IT NOW!



HA, HA, HA! YOU'D NEVER DARE DRAW  
ON ME, FLOYD. YOU'RE A COWARD! A  
BAD MAN THAT I'VE BUILT UP, BACKED  
AND PLANNED FOR --- BUT WHAT'S THIS  
'ONE THING' YOU MENTIONED?



IT'S YOUR DAUGHTER, RAY!  
I'VE FALLEN HARD FOR HER!  
I'M GOING TO HAVE HER  
WHETHER SHE LIKES ME  
OR NOT RIGHT NOW!



-- AND I'LL KILL  
YOU IF YOU STAND  
IN MY WAY,  
LONGSTRETH!

THE MEN ARE  
HERE, FLOYD,  
BETTER LET THEM  
IN BEFORE THEY  
THINK SOMETHING'S  
GONE WRONG.



WHAT'S ALL  
THE YELLING  
ABOUT,  
LAWSON?

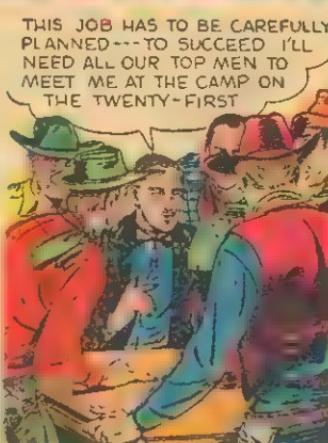
NONE OF YOUR  
BUSINESS---  
COME IN!



GATHER AROUND THIS TABLE,  
MEN, AND TALK LOW!

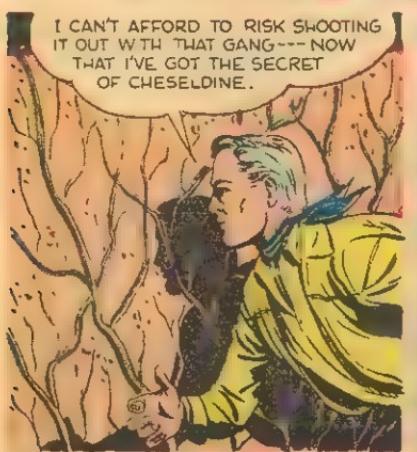
OKAY,  
LONGSTRETH.

THIS JOB HAS TO BE CAREFULLY  
PLANNED --- TO SUCCEED I'LL  
NEED ALL OUR TOP MEN TO  
MEET ME AT THE CAMP ON  
THE TWENTY-FIRST



THE WALL-- IT'S  
CRUMBLING!







WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
RAY?

I MEAN---I KNOW THAT  
FATHER IS ON THE WRONG  
SIDE OF THE LAW! AND  
IF I LET HIM AND HIS  
MEN KILL YOU I'D BE  
A PARTY TO IT.

WHEN DID YOU  
LEARN ABOUT  
YOUR FATHER--  
AND HOW  
MUCH?

IT WAS YESTERDAY, WHEN  
YOU FACED HIM DOWN IN  
THE PATIO, ABOUT BO  
SNECKER-- I WAS COMING  
TO THE DOORWAY WHEN  
I HEARD YOUR VOICES.



FATHER ACTED SO GUILTY-- AND FLOYD  
LAWSON, TOO! AND AFTER YOU'D LEFT,  
THEY BEGAN PLANNING HOW TO GET RID  
OF YOU... OH! SOME TERRIBLE CHANGE  
HAS COME OVER FATHER SINCE  
I SAW HIM LAST.

I DON'T KNOW YOU--NOT EVEN  
YOUR NAME--BUT I TRUST YOU,  
RANGER! FOR MY SAKE,  
PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T  
EVER KILL HIM EXCEPT TO  
SAVE YOUR LIFE!

I WON'T KILL  
HIM--FOR YOUR  
SAKE, MISS.....  
NOT EVEN TO  
SAVE MY LIFE!



BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS IT'LL BE  
MY DUTY AS A RANGER TO ARREST  
COLONEL LONGSTRETH, AS THE  
LEADER OF THIS STATE'S WORST  
OUTLAW GANG. GOOD-BYE, AND  
THANKS! AND THE NAME'S,  
BUCK DUANE.

BUCK DUANE! I  
WONDER--WHEN I'LL  
SEE YOU AGAIN--  
AND WHERE?

THAT GIRL IS A THOROUGHBRED  
--AND SHE'LL NEED ALL HER  
COURAGE TO FACE WHAT'S A-  
HEAD! I'D LIKE TO HELP HER,  
BUT DON'T SEE HOW I CAN...



REACHING TOWN UNNOTICED,  
BUCK HEADS STRAIGHT FOR  
THE LIVERY STABLE.

WELL, BULLET, WE'VE  
GOT A LONG RIDE  
TONIGHT

WE'LL FOLLOW JIM  
FLETCHER BACK TO  
ORD, WHERE HE HANGS  
OUT. HE'LL BE ALONG  
THIS ROAD ANY  
MINUTE, I  
RECKON.

THERE HE GOES! WELL  
WAIT TILL HE'S OUT  
OF SIGHT ...

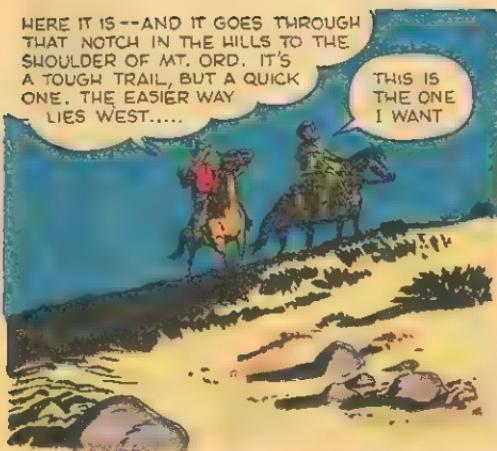


HERE IT IS--AND IT GOES THROUGH THAT NOTCH IN THE HILLS TO THE SHOULDER OF MT. ORD. IT'S A TOUGH TRAIL, BUT A QUICK ONE. THE EASIER WAY LIES WEST.....

THIS IS THE ONE I WANT

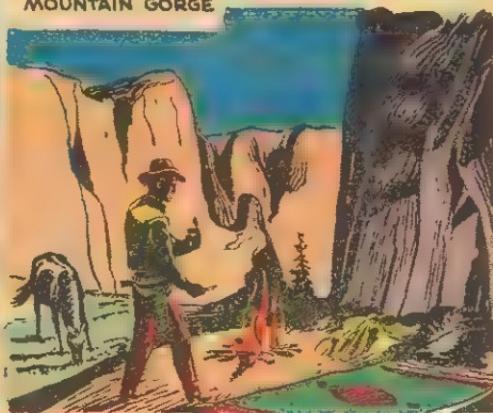
I'M MIGHTY GLAD YOU MADE THE GRADE WITH CHESELDINE, DODGE! SEE YOU LATER---I WON'T BE AT THE CAMP THIS TRIP, THOUGH.

HASTA LA VISTA, THEN! ORDERS ARE --TELL NO ONE YOU MET ME.



POOR JIM FLETCHER! THERE'S A LOT LIKE HIM--MEN GONE WRONG BUT NOT BAD..... AND ONE DAY THEY'LL FILL A CRIMINAL'S GRAVE. I WAS ONE OF 'EM, NOT LONG AGO!

DARKNESS FINDS BUCK CAMPING IN A WILD MOUNTAIN GORGE



AT DAWN HE TAKES THE TRAIL AFOOT.

THERE'S WATER AND GRASS IN THERE FOR YOU BULLET. I'LL BE BACK BEFORE LONG

TWO HOURS LATER.....

I RECKON THIS IS THE DIVIDE. IT'LL BE ALL DOWN HILL TO CAMP.



THAT MUST BE IT AND WHAT A SPOT FOR A HIDEOUT!



A TINY, GREEN, ROCK-WALLED GULCH--  
CHESELDINE'S MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT.....



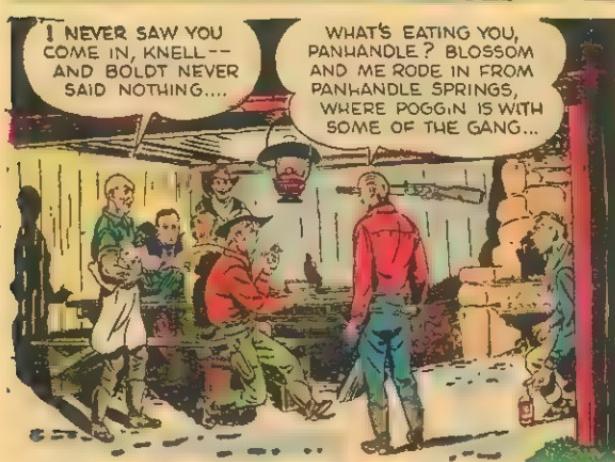
AS NIGHT SHROUDS THE VALLEY,  
BUCK MOVES TOWARDS THE CABIN.

SIX MEN RODE IN JUST  
BEFORE DARK. RECKON  
THEY'RE EATING  
SUPPER NOW.



I NEVER SAW YOU  
COME IN, KNELL--  
AND BOLDT NEVER  
SAID NOTHING.....

WHAT'S EATING YOU,  
PANHANDLE? BLOSSOM  
AND ME RODE IN FROM  
PANHANDLE SPRINGS,  
WHERE POGGIN IS WITH  
SOME OF THE GANG...



..AIN'T THAT RIGHT,  
KNELL,  
LONGSTRETH ?  
POGGIN,  
BLOSSOM,  
KANE, PANHANDLE  
SMITH, BOLDT AND  
LONGSTRETH --I KNOW  
THEM ALL BY SIGHT  
OR BY REPUTATION.



PASS THESE CIGARS AROUND,  
PANHANDLE. KNELL AND I  
ARE GOING INSIDE FOR  
A TALK.

OKAY,  
BOSS



NOW FOR THE NEW JOB. AFTER YOU  
RETURN TO ORD, GIVE POGGIN THESE  
ORDERS, KNELL....



YOU AND POGGIN, BOLDT, PANHANDLE, FLETCHER,  
BUT NO ONE ELSE, ARE IN ON THIS ONE. AT  
TWO O'CLOCK ON THE 26TH YOU'LL  
CLEAN OUT THE VAL VERDE  
BANK. IT'LL BE A  
DAYLIGHT JOB.

THAT MEANS,  
WE'LL RIDE FROM  
ORD ON THE 23RD  
RIGHT, LONGSTRETH?

--- NOW YOU'VE GOT THE DETAILS,  
KANE! ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT  
TO TALK ABOUT?

YES! WHO'S THIS  
RANGER THAT'S BEEN  
HORING AROUND  
FAIRDALE? WHAT'S  
HE LOOK LIKE?

HE'S A RANGY, POWERFUL MAN, WHITE HAIR  
OVER HIS TEMPLES, HARD FACE, EYES LIKE  
KNIVES, PACKS HIS GUNS LOW DOWN.  
THAT PICTURE MEAN ANYTHING  
TO YOU, KANE?

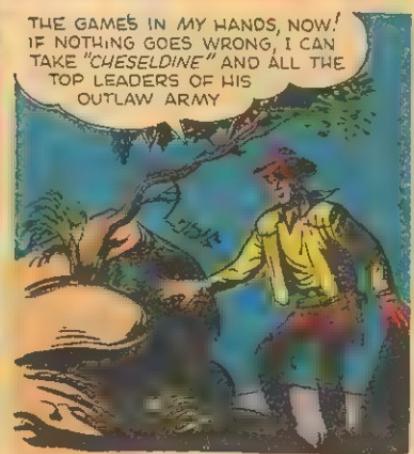
YES! I KNOW HIM--BUT NOT AS A  
RANGER! HE'S THE TWO-SHOT,  
ACE-OF-SPADES, GUN-THROWER,  
WHO KILLED BLAND, AND HALLOWAY,  
AND MY PARD, HARDING!  
HE'S---

NOT  
BUCK  
DUANE?  
YES! BUCK  
DUANE'S HERE  
IN THE BIG  
BEND AND ON  
OUR TRAIL, I'LL  
WAGER! BUT I'LL  
GET HIM--OR  
DIE TRYING!

DON'T TRY IT, KANE! I  
CAN'T SPARE YOU! LET  
THE GANG CORNER DUANE  
AND BURN HIM DOWN--  
THE ONLY SAFE WAY!

SOMEBODY COMING AROUND  
THE CORNER--NO TIME  
TO DODGE HIM!





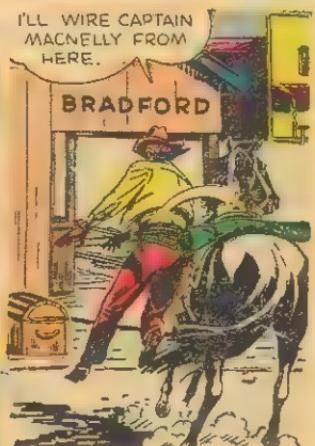
BY THE RED LIGHT OF DAWN,  
BUCK RETURNS TO SADDLE  
BULLET.....



....AND RIDE AT BREAK-  
NECK PACE FOR THE  
RAILROAD STATION.....



I'LL WIRE CAPTAIN  
MACNELLY FROM  
HERE.



READ THIS--THEN,  
SEND IT OUT AT ONCE!  
KEEP MUM, IF YOU  
VALUE YOUR LIFE!

TO CAPTAIN MACNELLY,  
OF THE TEXAS  
RANGERS, RIGHT?

NOW, BULLET--BACK TO ORD,  
TO MEET KNELL AND POGGIN--  
AND MAYBE THE OTHERS.



ONLY KNELL KNOWS ME ---HE'LL DRAW  
FIRST! IF I CAN WHITTLE DOWN THE  
GANG BY EVEN ONE MAN, MACNELLY  
WILL HAVE LESS TO DO.

THEY'LL BE IN THERE,  
PROBABLY



THERE'S FLETCHER, KNELL, AND  
POGGIN-- POGGIN'S THE ONE  
MOST LIKELY TO KILL ME--  
BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!

I TELL YOU, KNELL,  
DODGE CAN'T BE BUCK  
DUANE OR A RANGER!  
HE HAD ORDERS DIRECT  
FROM CHESELDINE .

HE NEVER SAW  
CHESELDINE! HE  
MADE A FOOL OF  
YOU, FLETCHER!





FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY BUCK SLEEPS IN THE MESQUITE-- TWO MILES FROM LONGSTRETH'S HOUSE.

NEXT DAY--AS ANGRY VOICES RISE FROM LONGSTRETH'S PATIO.....

YOU'RE DRUNK, LAWSON! AND I WARN YOU-- QUIT PESTERING RAY WITH YOUR --ER--ATTENTIONS, OR I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! UNDERSTAND?

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE DONE WITH ME, LONGSTRETH! DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, CHESELDINE!

YOU'RE BOTH DONE, GENTLEMEN! WHO-- WHAT DO YOU--? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



IF YOU GIVE UP, NOW, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, CHESEDOLINE! FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S SAKE I'LL TRY TO GET YOU PARDONED, ON CONDITION YOU LEAVE THIS COUNTRY FOR GOOD IF NOT-- DON'T TRY FOR THAT GUN!



ALL RIGHT, DUANE. I GIVE YOU-- MY WORD!



A BULLET WOULD BE MORE FITTING, IF IT WEREN'T FOR RAY!

STEADY! HERE COME THE GIRLS! GET UP AND TELL THEM!



IT'S-- COUSIN FLOYD!

FATHER! IS HE--?

YES! RAY! HE DREW ON RANGER DUANE!



AND YOU, FATHER?

I'M UNDER ARREST! I'VE PLAYED A CROOKED GAME TOO LONG, CHILD! THIS-- HAD TO COME--!



THE MORNING OF THE 26th ON A TRAIN THAT HAS LEFT BRADFORD HOURS AGO.....



WE'LL MEET YOUR RANGER CAPTAIN AT VAL VERDE, MR DUANE? HOW FAR IS IT FROM HERE?



PERHAPS TWENTY MILES, MISS LONGSTRETH-- DON'T WORRY! CAPTAIN MACNEIL WILL LISTEN TO ME.

LOOK, LONGSTRETH! RECOGNIZE THOSE MEN? AT TWO O'CLOCK THEY'LL BE RIDING UP TO THE VAL VERDE BANK.....

AND INTO A RANGER TRAP! THERE'S POGGIN, BOLDT, KANE, SMITH-- AND FLETCHER...

ONLY KELL IS MISSING! MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON THEIR SOULS--AND ON MINE!



DUANE! I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MAN!

CAPTAIN MACNELLY!



CAPTAIN-- THIS IS CHESELDINE! I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS HIS CAPTURE AND FUTURE, WITH YOU, IN PRIVATE, IF I MAY!

WELL, AS YOU WISH, DUANE!



THAT'S ALL OF THE STORY, CAPTAIN. LONGSTRETH HAS SIGNED OVER HIS RANCH, MONEY, HERDS-- TO REIMBURSE THOSE HE ROBBED. HE ASKS ONLY PERMISSION TO LEAVE THE STATE--FOR GOOD!

I THINK IT CAN BE ARRANGED



BUCK DUANE, I--WE CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH! WILL YOU DO ME ONE VERY GREAT FAVOR? JUST ONE MORE?

YES, IF I CAN, RAY!



THEN--DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELF IN THE CAPTURE--OR KILLING OF THOSE MEN WHO'LL BE COMING TO ROB THE VAL VERDE BANK! YOUR LIFE MEANS TOO MUCH TO ME--TO US--TO THE RANGER SERVICE! PROMISE ME, PLEASE!



MISS LONGSTRETH IS RIGHT, BUCK! YOU'VE REDEEMED YOUR OLD OUTLAW RECORD A DOZEN TIMES OVER! I'LL GIVE YOU NO ORDERS TODAY, BUT--DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE, FOR HER SAKE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN--BUT THAT--I CAN NOT PROMISE!



IT'S ONE O'CLOCK, CAPTAIN! TIME TO GET YOUR MEN IN POSITION--. I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, RAY--- GOD WILLING!



WHERE DO YOU AIM TO BE WHEN THE SHOW STARTS, BUCK?

INSIDE THE BANK, FACING THE DOOR. IT WILL SAVE LIVES, MACNELLY--RANGER LIVES--TO STOP THE GANG THERE!

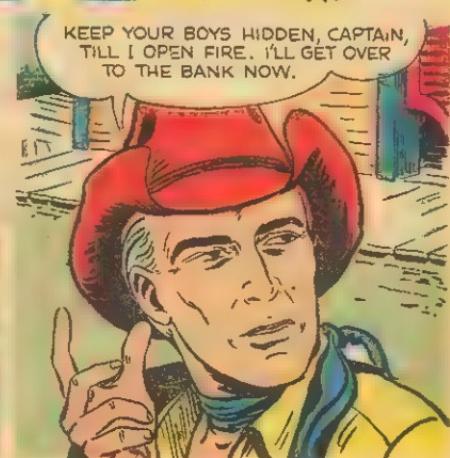


BUT--THAT'S SUICIDE! POGGIN ALONE IS A MATCH FOR YOU, BUCK-- UNLESS I MASS MY MEN BEHIND YOU!

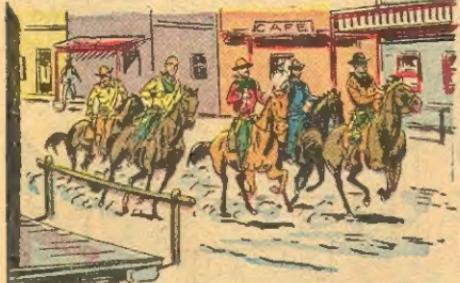
NO! MORE THAN ONE MAN IN SIGHT WOULD SPOOK THEM, AND SOME WOULD GET AWAY, OR REACH COVER.



KEEP YOUR BOYS HIDDEN, CAPTAIN, TILL I OPEN FIRE. I'LL GET OVER TO THE BANK NOW.



RIGHT ON THE STROKE OF TWO O'CLOCK,  
CHESELDINE'S TOP GUNMEN ARRIVE.....



WITH FLETCHER LEFT TO HOLD THE HORSES,  
THE OUTLAWS CROSS THE EMPTY STREET....



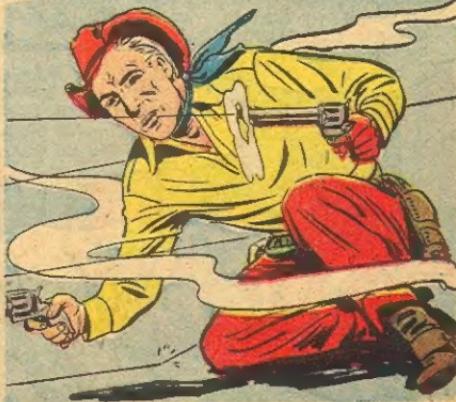
IN THE NAME OF THE  
LAW, POGGIN-- I'M  
CALLING YOUR  
HAND!



SWIFTER THAN EYE CAN FOLLOW IS  
POGGIN'S DRAW AND SHOT.....



HARD HIT, BUCK DUANE TRIGGER!  
HIS ROARING GUNS....



...UNTIL THE SHOCK OF  
BULLETS BRINGS HIM DOWN,  
DOWN, INTO THE DARKNESS....

THREE DAYS LATER....

HELLO, DUANE! IT'S RAY  
AND MACNELLY.....

BUCK, CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?

RAY--MAC--  
POGGIN IS  
DEAD, AFTER  
KILLING TWO  
OF MY RANGERS....  
HE WAS A TIGER, SHOT  
TO PIECES YET OUT-  
LASTING THE OTHER  
THREE. FLETCHER  
ALONE ESCAPED.



I'LL LEAVE HIM WITH  
YOU, MISS LONGSTRETH.  
HE'LL RECOVER NOW,  
I'M SURE!

HE'S GOT  
TO--  
CAPTAIN--  
FOR ME!



BUCK--YOU FACED  
THEM ALONE! BUT  
I'LL NEVER LET YOU  
BE ALONE AGAIN--  
UNDERSTAND ME?

I RECKON SO, RAY--  
BUT I'D BE NO GOOD  
TO YOU, ALL SHOT  
UP--A CRIPPLE!  
I MAY NEVER BE  
ABLE TO WORK!



YOU'LL NOT BE LAYED UP LONG, MY DEAR--  
THOUGH IF YOU WERE, I'D WANT YOU JUST  
THE SAME! ... THAT IS-- IF YOU COULD PUT  
UP WITH THE DAUGHTER  
OF CHESELDINE!

COULD I! MAYBE  
I'M STILL OUT OF MY  
HEAD, BUT SINCE I FIRST  
MET YOU--I'VE DREAMED,  
THAT WE'D BE RIDING--



--RIDING THE SAME TRAIL  
TOGETHER, RAY--RIGHT  
DOWN TO THE LAST  
ROUND-UP!



# The 30-30 Carbine

WINCHESTER MODEL 94...

A FAVORITE SADDLE  
GUN FOR MORE THAN  
FIFTY YEARS...

THIS RIFLE HAS A  
20-INCH BARREL  
AND THE MAGAZINE  
HOLDS SIX SHELLS  
IN ADDITION TO ONE  
IN THE CHAMBER.

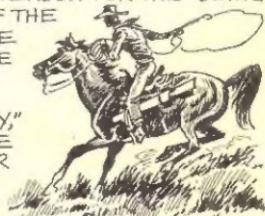


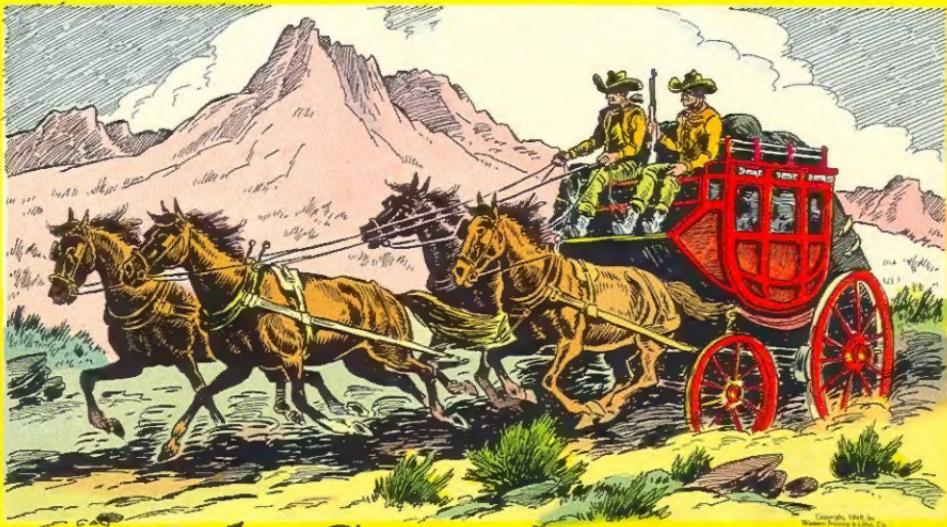
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Winchester Firearms & Arms Co.

THE MAIN REASON FOR THE IMMENSE POPULARITY OF THE "THIRTY-THIRTY" IS THE FACT THAT IT IS A SHORT, LIGHT, HANDY RIFLE. IT IS EASY TO CARRY ON A SADDLE, AND HAS RANGE AND SHOCKING POWER FAR BEYOND THE SIX-SHOOTER. ALMOST EVERY COWBOY, WESTERN SHERIFF, AND PEACE OFFICER OWNS ONE OF THESE GUNS. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THE "THIRTY-THIRTY" HAS KILLED MORE GAME THAN ANY OTHER RIFLE USED ON THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. IT IS A VERY ACCURATE ARM UP TO RANGES OF FROM TWO TO THREE HUNDRED YARDS AND IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR BRUSHY COUNTRY WHEN HUNTING.



DEER AND BLACK BEAR. IN THE HANDS OF AN EXPERT SHOT, IT CAN BE USED SUCCESSFULLY ON ELK, MOOSE, AND OTHER LARGE GAME. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO ACCEPTED METHOD OF HANGING THIS RIFLE ON A HORSE. THE COWBOY USUALLY CARRIES HIS SCABBARD ON THE NEAR SIDE WITH THE STOCK POINTING BACKWARDS, THE REASON FOR THIS BEING THAT IT IS OUT OF THE WAY IN CASE THE COWBOY HAS SOME ROPEING TO DO... IN ADDITION TO THE "THIRTY-THIRTY," THIS SAME RIFLE IS CHAMBERED FOR THE 25-35 AND 32 WINCHESTER SPECIAL. HOWEVER, THE 30-30 IS THE MOST POPULAR SHELL, PROBABLY BECAUSE IT MAY BE OBTAINED ALMOST ANYWHERE. THIS CARTRIDGE HAS A VELOCITY OF 2200 FEET PER SECOND WHEN LOADED WITH A 170 GRAIN BULLET.





# The STAGECOACH

THE FASTEST METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST WAS BY STAGECOACH. THE LONGEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF THESE STAGE LINES WAS THE JOHN BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL WHICH WAS STARTED IN THE 1850'S. IT EXTENDED FROM ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS AT ITS EASTERN POINT TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE WEST AND PASSED THROUGH NEARLY THREE THOUSAND MILES OF PRAIRIE, PLAINS, RUGGED MOUNTAINS, AND DESOLATE DESERT COUNTRY. THE TRIP TOOK TWENTY-FIVE DAYS OF CONSTANT DAY AND NIGHT TRAVEL, STOPPING ABOUT EVERY TEN TO TWENTY MILES TO CHANGE HORSES. THESE HORSES WERE USUALLY PRETTY WILD AND WERE SELECTED SOLELY FOR THEIR SPEED AND STAMINA. FOUR-HORSE TEAMS WERE USED, EXCEPT IN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, AND

THEN A SIX-HORSE HITCH WAS HOOKED UP. THESE COACHES WERE SLUNG ON HEAVY LEATHER SPRINGS

AND, WHEN FULLY LOADED, WOULD CARRY ABOUT NINE PASSENGERS IN ADDITION TO THE MAIL SACKS. PASSENGERS WERE ALLOWED ONLY FORTY POUNDS OF PERSONAL LUGGAGE. THE MAIL SACKS WERE CARRIED ON THE BACK OF THE COACH IN A HEAVY LEATHER "BOOT." DUE TO A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT THE MAIL ALWAYS CAME FIRST AND, WHEN IT WAS EXCEPTIONALLY HEAVY, PASSENGERS WERE OFTEN UNLOADED AND FORCED TO WAIT FOR



A LATER STAGE. INDIAN ATTACKS WERE A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE AND WHEN THIS HAPPENED, THE PASSENGERS ALWAYS JOINED IN THE FIGHT. LARGE CARGOES OF GOLD WERE OFTEN CARRIED FROM THE CALIFORNIA "DIGGINS" AND GUN GUARDS RODE THE COACHES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HIGHWAYMEN AND BANDITS WHO WERE A CONSTANT MENACE. THE BUTTERFIELD LINE USED ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED HEAD OF HORSES AND MULES AND EMPLOYED NEARLY EIGHT HUNDRED MEN-STAGE DRIVERS, GUN GUARDS, AND STATION KEEPERS. THE LINE WAS DISCONTINUED WHEN THE RAILROAD FINALLY CONNECTED THE EAST AND WEST.